Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members

https://archive.org/details/misslethe1919pete

THE MISSILE

March 1919

Petersburg High School

Petersburg, Virginia

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

FORD and the Genuine FORD Parts

Made by the Ford Models.

TRY US **GEO. B. CARTER,**

Agent. **30 BANK STREET.**

FURNITURE FOR EVERYBODY

THE HARLOW-HARDY CO.,

(INCORPORATED.)

134 W. Bank Street.

Out of the High Rent District.

QUALITY SHOES

— FOR —

Military and Civilian WEAR.

J. O. James Shoe Co.

124 N. SYCAMORE STREET.

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry

..... Headquarters for .....

GOLD MEDALS, FOUNTAIN PENS

and Gifts Appropriate for Every Occasion.

J. McS. BUCHANAN,

104 Sycamore Street, Next Door to "The Palms."

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

....Contents....

Welcome Home—Blanche Waymack, '19, - - - 1
My Diary Says—Wallace Ridout, '16, - - - - 2
Chicken a la King—Sadie Zimmerman, '19 - - - 8
Fate—Sarah A. Cooper, '20, - - - - - - 14
Editorials, - - - - - - - - - 18
School Notes, - - - - - - - - 21
Little Missiles, - - - - - - - - 24
Athleties, - - - - - - - - - 27
Alumni Notes, - - - - - - - - 31
Exchange, - - - - - - - - - 32
Advertisements, - - - - - - - - 35

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

G
058
M691
c.1

THE MISSILE

Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Vol. VIII. MARCH, 1919. No. 3.

Welcome Home.

O! ye lads who dress in khaki and in the navy blue,
We open wide the arms of love and faith alone to you.
We gave you, ere your journey, a promise ever strong,
And now on your returning the whole world sings the song,

WELCOME HOME.

Welcome Home! the joyful news has spread through all the nation wide,
And friends from home and loved ones join to swell this joyous tide;
They come from North and East and West to welcome home again
The boys who for their country's sake did sail across the main.

To you who beat the Hun back and the boys who took you o'er,
We know our task is incomplete and we need do something more.
And we shall nor forget you in the years that are to come,
But honor and esteem you as we sing this little song,

WELCOME HOME.

Blanche Waymack, '19.

My Diary Says.

[NOTE: Mr. Ridout, recently discharged from the navy, has, at the request of the editor, prepared a series of articles on his experiences, which will appear in the MISSILE each month until completed.]

ON THE 23RD OF NOVEMBER, 1917, at about 2 P. M., the U. S. S. Florida heaved in its last dock line and moved slowly out of the Norfolk harbor to join the rest of the "Over Sea" division which was assembling in Lynnhaven Roads.

As we left the harbor, the U. S. S. Nevada and U. S. S. Utah and numerous interned transports and smaller craft lined us on either side. The crews of these ships lined the decks, and all gave three cheers for the Florida. There were wives, daughters, and sweethearts on the dock who were using their handkerchiefs alternately between waving at departing loved ones and drying tear-dimmed eyes.

As the Florida passed the Nevada our band struck up "Where do we go from here, boys," and the Nevada's band answered, "Over There." Then we played "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," and the Nevada answered with "You may be gone for a long, long time." Then our band played "Hail, hail, the gang's all here," and by this time we were out of hearing distance, and were off. Yes, off, but off for where? We did not know. It might have been Italy, France, England, or Germany.

We were never told at any time the significance of the movements af the fleet. But we knew that we were not going to a pleasant festival, but into a cold region of bottomless ocean to exchange wrath with a formidable adversary, from which there were but two exits, Victory

and the Grave. But we were eager to get over there, and exert our efforts against "German Kultur."

We dropped anchor that night in Lynnhaven Roads, in company with the United States ships New York, Wyoming, and Delaware.

Two days later, after exchanging food and supplies, on the 25th November, Sunday evening, at three-ten, we weighed anchor and left Lynnhaven Roads for the sea.

The U. S. S. New York, our flag ship, was leading, followed by the Wyoming, Florida and Delaware.

The sun was just setting, leaving the sea extremely beautiful with its multi-colored waves, as Cape Henry and Cape Charles, the shores of dear old Virginia, faded out of view, and we were out on the dark, friendless ocean, bound for somewhere "Over There."

The night was beautiful. The moon was full, surrounded by millions of diamond-like stars, and the atmosphere was very chilly.

November 26 to December 1. I will record the events of these six days together, for two reasons. First, I was sea-sick, extremely sea-sick most of the time, and was incapable of thinking or writing, (those who have been to sea won't blame me for this, I am sure,) and second, each day was practically a repetition of the day before, steaming on the North Atlantic somewhere.

The 26th, 27th and 28th, the first three days out, there was nothing to break the monotony of a sea voyage. We were headed North, and having moderately heavy seas.

On Tuesday, the 27th, the Delaware hoisted the breakdown flag about six A. M., and was allowed to fall out of column and slow down for repairs. I later learned

her port engine had developed trouble. The New York, Wyoming and Florida kept to their course. About seven P. M. the same day the Delaware overtook us, having adjusted her engine trouble.

Thursday morning we ran full into a severe storm, about seven hundred miles east of the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Part of the time there was a blinding snow storm. The wind had a velocity of one hundred and ten miles an hour. Think of that! The seas that swept over us resembled giant mountains. Enormous walls of rushing water, in quick succession, struck us with the force of a flying mail train and swept our decks clean of everything that was not efficiently secured. I saw them snap iron chains whose links were an inch in diameter.

Late in the evening the sea increased in violence. Our strong forecastle quivered under the weight of the mighty waves, and was in imminent danger of caving in.

We requested permission from the Admiral to change our course and make a few necessary repairs. This was granted, and we were practically forced to stop, and were left in the storm to pursue our own destiny. The wind seemed to increase in its speed, and the ship was tossed about as a leaf in a storm. Iron stanchions were crumpled by the force of the wind and water. Gun shutters gave way, and the sea poured in. Hundreds of men were kept busy all the night pumping and bailing water and boarding up and propping gun shutters.

To make matters worse, the ship lost its course and ran around in circles all the night, just making enough steam to steer by, and to offer just enough resistance to the to the waves not to be wholly helpless.

There were five of us attempting to sleep in the office,

three of us on desks and two on deck. The ship was rolling and pitching, and about one A. M. we were suddenly and rudely awakened by being thrown to the deck by a twenty-eight degree roll to port, and on top of the five of us came ink wells, books, drawers, ink bottles, file cabinets, hundreds of service records, thousands of loose cards, chairs, our mattresses, and in fact the whole office outfit. (I have never seen a moving picture catastrophe that could equal this scene.)

Some one turned on the lights, and forgetting our serious plight, the five of us sat and laughed at this extraordinary and comic sight. We were brought to the realization of the seriousness of the situation by a sudden quick pitch of the ship which threw the five of us in a heap against the starboard bulkhead.

We were beginning to enjoy it. One of the men received a scalp wound from a falling ink bottle, while I escaped with only the contents of the office glue pot on my clothes.

The morning finally came. We had lost during the night jack-staff, two whole boats. two steamers crushed, part of the life-line carried away, the protective awning and stanchions around the lower bridge, camouflage torn from the masts, gangway wrecked, inboard starboard ladder wrecked, gun shutters smashed, range-finders damaged, galley doors carried away, several deck clothes chests washed overboard, about twenty life-preservers torn from the life line, and the interior of the ship damaged considerably by water.

Our Captain, who since has received the rank of Admiral, said it was by far the worst storm of his career.

It was a wonderful adventure, but I don't care for a repetition.

December 1-2, 1917. The wind had died down considerably, and the sea was much calmer.

December 3, 1917. The Delaware, which was lost in the storm of last Thursday, had not been heard of since. The New York and Wyoming, which were ahead of us in the storm, had not yet been seen.

December 4, 1917 The Florida overtook the New York and Wyoming this morning about four o'clock. It could be seen that they too had been considerably damaged in the storm. We were steaming in column again, which made it much safer.

The night closed with a heavy fog, and to prevent any accident the New York and Wyoming kept large search lights trained on their wakes. Although the lights were absolutely necessary, they were very dangerous, for it was our policy to keep the ship in complete darkness at night to avoid being seen by submarines.

December 5, 1917. The day was foggy, cold and rainy. We were nearing the British Isles. All of our guns were manned and ready for fighting at a minute's notice. We were about six hundred miles west of the north coast of Ireland.

News reached us to-day of the sinking of a passenger ship last night in our immediate vicinity. The ship was sunk and then the life boats torpedoed, killing many women and children.

We expected to reach the official war zone to-morrow. All men had been issued life preservers, all water-tight doors had been battened down, lookouts reinforced, more ammunition brought up, and everyone was ready for any sudden emergency.

We still had no news of the Delaware.

December 6, 1917. Cold, foggy and rainy. Still making eleven knots, waiting for the Delaware.

December 7, 1917. I awoke this morning to find that during the night we had been joined by the Delaware and about twelve British torpedo boats. They accompanied and piloted us into Scopa Flow, in the heart of the Orkney Islands. This was the rendezvous of the British Grand Fleet, of which we were now a part.

As we passed the British war ships, they played the "Star Spangled Banner," and gave three cheers for us.

We dropped anchor promptly at twelve-thirty in Scopa Flow, after making a trip of approximately four thousand miles in twelve days.

Wallace Ridout, '16.

Colored man: "Say, Miss, what's this yar turble disease they all talking 'bout?"

Young lady: "Why, influenza."

Colored man: "Yah, ah know it ends yuh, but what's this yar influe?"

Mary's beau to Mary's brother, (joking): "Honest' Willie, weren't you peeping through the keyhole at us last night?"

Willie: "Honor bright, I wasn't. Mother was in the way!"

Chicken a La King.

MR. BRACKENRIDGE didn't realize that is was Monday until he was upon his own pavement. When the fact crashed upon him with stunning force, he began nervously to unbutton his coat. By the time he was in the living room both coat and waistcoat were off and he was hurriedly turning back his cuffs. He knew there would be a checked apron behind the kitchen door and a note concerning dinner on a nail above the sink. It was club day and he knew that that meant: when Mrs. Brackenridge returned at 6:30, she would expect dinner to be ready to serve.

There were times on Mondays, every other Wednesday, and alternate Fridays, that Mr. Brackenridge wished himself dead, as well as a few times in between, when he dared to remonstrate with his wife about his martydom or to suggest that they keep a maid.

"A maid," snorted Mrs. Brackenridge, "Will you tell me, Jim Brackenridge, why I should have a longnosed female poking into my bureau drawers, and opening all the preserves in the cellar the minute I leave the house?" Just here Mr. Brack. make a mental note that a maid would certainly have enough solitude to do most anything she liked, but he knew better than to give it voice. "Just because you are too lazy to set a couple of pans over the fire three times a week, you are willing to spend five dollars on a girl. Well, I prepare the other eighteen meals. At any rate you owe me thirty a week. I collect now."

Mr. Brackenridge looked at her outstretched hand. "Now, Thelma, can't you take a joke? You know I don't

mind it. If—If I did," nervously, "you know I wouldn't do it."

"Wouldn't you?" smiled Thelma. How well she knew her husband!

Mr. Brackenridge found the apron and read the note. "Great days!" he exploded, "chicken a la king, page 76 in the cook book; potatoes au gratin, page 104; banana fritters—you know how—the dessert's made (on the ice), cucumber and tomato salad, French dressing. Put down the lace mats and yellow candles and an extra place, I'm having company."

"I don't mind frying ham and eggs," he protested, "or broiling a steak and making French fried potatoes, but," he referred to the note, chicken a la king, potatoes au gratin."

A staccato knock sounded upon the kitchen door and Mr. Brackenridge open it. A young women stood there, a very pretty young lady. Even in Mr. Brackenridge's perturbed state of mind, he had enough gallantry to fling the door quite wide and say pleasantly: "Good evening, won't you come in?" She nodded appreciatively and stepped into the kitchen.

"I am Mrs. Springer from next door. I came to see if Mrs. Brackenridge could lend me a lemon."

"If you'll just sit down I'll will go look in the pantry. Mrs. Brackenridge is out and I'm getting dinner."

"O, how cute! Imagine my Louis getting his own dinner! I can just see him in an apron!" She threw back her head and laughed merrily.

The laugh was very contagious and Jim smiled. He wanted to hear her laugh some more. "Besides," he added proudly, "I'm not only getting my own dinner, but that of my wife and—and company."

He was rewarded by another ripple. "Well—that's rich! Imagine Louis! Why, he wouldn't know how to melt ice! But there! I'm keeping you back. If you'll please get my lemon for my tea, I'll go. That's all I'm having —tea and toast. Louis telephoned he wouldn't be home, so I'm alone."

Mr. Brackenridge procured the lemon and was holding the door open for her when a happy thought struck him. "Do you know how to make chicken a la king, Mrs. Springer?" he asked.

"Heavens! Do you have to make that?"

"Yes, and wait, I'll read you the note?"

"You poor man," when he had finished." You never can do that in the world. It's almost 6 now."

Mr. Brackenridge look at his watch anxiously. "So it is! Why I had no idea it was so late."

Mrs. Springer detected a volume of history in his tone. "Afraid of his wife, poor man," she thought. Aloud she said, "Don't you want me to stay and help? I'd love to, if—if you don' tell."

Jim promised with suspicious promptness.

"She has got him bluffed," she thought. "Well, here's where I'm going to play the Good Samaritan. Louis would take my head off—but he'll never know."

So Mr. Brackenridge set the table while the fritters were frying. He knew where to find things—lace mats and all.

"Well, Mr. Brackenridge, I guess it's time I was going. The whole dinner is ready to serve, keeping nice and hot in the oven. The salad is all fixed and on ice, the candles are lighted and the flowers arranged. It must be time for your wife and company and I don't want to be

found here. What some people don't know won't hurt them!" She laughed amiably.

Mr. Brackenridge laughed too. What a jolly, pretty little wife Louis Springer had! People said he neglected her—out forever on lecturing tours and never at home even when he was in town.

James turned the knob of the kitchen door when he had thanked her for her heaven-sent help. The door stuck. He turned the knob the other way, but still it stuck. He rattled the knob and kicked the door. No use! He looked anxiously at the clock. 6:30! "It's time for Thelma, Mrs. Springer, and the door doesn't seem to open. Will you try the front way?"

"I'll have to, I guess. Wouldn't it be dreadful if I'd met Mrs. Brackenridge?" Do you know what I'm thinking about? It would be a fine joke if Louis were Mrs. Brackenridge's company, and I've been preparing his supper."

"You're just right it would!" snapped a woman's voice from the shadows of the front hall. "You didn't hear me come in, eh, Jim? Well, here I am! And the gentleman I've brought with me will be just as interested as I am, I guess."

"Louis," gasped Mrs. Springer, "you didn't tell me you were coming here to-night. I didn't expect to see you!"

"No, I guess you didn't!" said Mrs. Brackenridge, "This is a pretty how do you do!"

During his speech Mrs. Springer, leaning over to Mr. Brack, whispered in his ear, "What do you say to arousing jealousy! Here's a chance for us two that will awake them to their senses." Mr. Brackenridge nodded consent.

"Have you any idea who always prepared those suppers for you while you were attending clubs? Mr. Springer has such a precious, sweet little wife but he neglected her as you did me. But she was a heaven-sent help for me. She prepared all meals for me when you and her husband were out and I have found her an entertaining young lady and a very good cook," said Mr. Brackenridge.

At this Mrs. Springer chimed in. "And I have found Mr. Brackenrige to be a splendid young man. He's very good to his wife trying to prepare meals not only for her but also for company. We spent our time together when both of you attended meetings." Then she looked nervously from one to the other. It was the supreme humiliation of Jim Brackridge that brought the blood to her cheeks and fire to her eyes. Then she made the speech of her life.

"Don't you dare to speak to me until I'm through, Mrs. Brackenridge, nor you either, Louis Springer. You are both so busy with clubs and lectures that you forget you have homes—both of you. I came in here to borrow a lemon for my solitary supper. I ought to be accustomed to them, but I'm not. This poor man here was panic-stricken for fear he couldn't cook the meal he had been ordered to get. So I offered to help and I did. I burned myself twice frying your old fritters, and I cut my thumb slicing your old cucumbers, and I've got a raging headache. What's more, you've no more business being out with my husband than I have trying to kill myself for yours, so there!" She rushed for the door sobbing.

Louis caught her in his arms, saying remorsefully: "Wait a minute, Amy! See here! I have been a selfish

old cad, but I promise to reform this minute. You're a little peach, that's what you are. There, that's better, dry your eyes, dearie."

Mrs. Brackenridge, who was a pretty rosy-cheeked, black haired young thing, surveyed her husband with contrition. "Jim, take off that apron and don't you ever put on another as long as you live, or go into the kitchen, either. I'll resign from all my clubs to-morrow. I've been a big goose; that's what I've been! Now go get your coat and come in to dinner. Mrs. Springer, have you any appetite for your own cooking?"

Sadie Zimmerman, '19.

Crown Prince: "Vat are you worrying over, Vater, the stars in your crown?"

Kaiser: "No! But there are too many stripes!!"

Captain: "Private Rastus, do you know what marking time is?"

Rastus: "Yes, suh, dat's when you walk and don't go no wah!!"

Teacher: "What are you doing, Johnny?"

Johnny: "Just thinking, mam!"

Teacher: "What are you thinking about?"

Johnny: "About how inquisitive some people are!"

"Fate."

The full moon had risen far beyond the ebony trees; the night was wondrously beautiful, and tranquillity reigned throughout the Japanese garden. A gentle breeze swayed the low bushes and the atmosphere was filled with the fragrant scent of the flowers. A light could be seen from the window of the small artistic Japanese home which was set far back in the garden. Someone had stolen out quietly in the garden to behold the wondrous beauty of the summer evening, and to seek a few moments of happiness, something which had never entered into the life of the person. A fair maiden, a daughter of the Orient, could be seen strolling thru the paths of the garden. She was softly singing to herself and was for a moment happy on beholding the exquisite beauty of the night.

Cho-San was not of the pure Japanese type, for her mother having been American she had inherited from her American characteristics. Her tall slender figure, with its perfect lines and curves; the face with its glow of youthful health; the subtle grace of movement; the free, easy carriage; the quick graceful step—were all as pleasant as they were rare. There in the moonlight her face had a most exquisite color, her mouth was beautiful, the lips sweet and arch, revealing white teeth that shone like pearls. In her heart she was unhappy, for she had no friends, no comfort and no love. She had stolen away from under the sleeping eyes of her stern, old uncle, Hideyoshki, and had run away as from some horrible monster. For deep down in her heart, the girl hated her uncle; she was unable to withstand his ruling hand, his sternness and harshness, and his uncontrollable temper.

Hideyoshki had forbidden Cho-San to study art—something which she had longed and craved for, and there alone the poor orphan lived her miserable and unhappy life. She knew little of her parents, both of whom had died when Cho-San was quite young, but she knew that somewhere in the wide world, lived her sister—in some far off land. She had married an American, thus disregarding her uncle's will, and was forbidden to enter the home of Hideyoshki thereafter.

There in the garden the Japanese maiden reviewed her life. She longed to be far away from the house of Hideyoshki, and near to her sister companion Fan-Fiji. But such a vast number of years had passed since the meeting of the sisters, that the sister feared that Fan-Fiji was someone of the past.

Next morning Cho-San awoke early. The sun had streamed into the small Japanese chamber. There out in the garden among the lillies and roses, she longed to paint a morning picture; but Hideyoshki—he would tear the picture on finding it. While the girl was thus absorbed in thought, a servant entered the chamber and handed her a note which read:

Cho-San—I am leaving for Kwang-ju and will be gone for several days—take care of the house.

Your Uncle.

On reading the happy news of the morning, Cho-San jumped from her bed and in a few minutes found herself in the garden with her necessary painting equipment. Ah! how happy and free. It was at noon on the following day, when some American tourists passing the garden stopped for several minutes to view the beauty

of scene. They spied Cho-San far away, who was engaged in her art, and they could not resist opening the iron gates and entering the garden. When they approached the little artist Cho-San perceiving the strangers became a little frightened, clutched the picture in her hands and held it close to her bosom. Seeing this the American woman spoke to Cho-San, in the Japanese tongue, and in a kind manner said, "May I see your work of art?" The girl was so pleased at this, that she held out the picture and the man and woman gazed upon it with astonishment and admiration. It was not long before Mrs. Van Barton and Cho-San were engaged in conversation and the girl learned that Mrs. Van Barton and her husband were supervisors of a flourishing art school in America.

Cho-San's new friends came to see her daily. The Americans became very much interested in the girl, and saw in her true talent and future greatness. How Cho-San longed to go to America, for there she would perhaps find her sister. The Van Bartons learning of the girls' circumstances induced her to accompany them to America. Two days later they set sail for their home.

Some time afterwards Mrs. Van Barton told Cho-San her story—how she had been left an orphan and how she had married an American. She also mentioned the fact that she had a younger sister living in Japan whom she has not seen for years. She showed Cho-San what her mother, at her death, had left her, a small clothcover-

ed box which contained several Japanese ornaments. There stood Cho-San bewildered! She rushed to her trunk and revealed a similar box. They gazed at each other and poor Cho-San cried out. "You are not Mrs. Fannie Van Barton, you are my own Fan-Fiji!" There the two sisters stood bewildered—but unutterably happy. Were threads of golden happiness at last woven into the gray dull life of the little Japanese maiden, Cho-San?

Sarah A. Cooper, '20.

Mr. Smith, when he caught Rastus prowling around his chicken house one rainy night, asked, "What does this mean, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Doctor's orders, suh!"

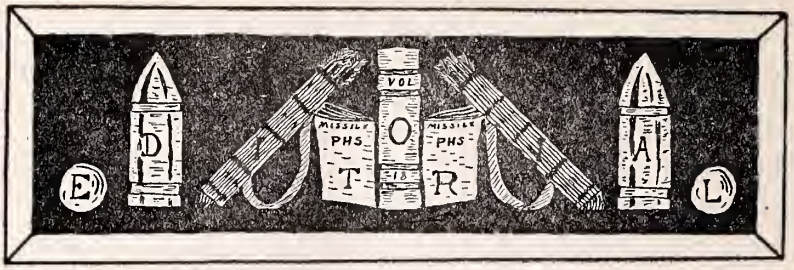
Mr. Smith: "The Doctor's orders?"

Rastus: "Yes, suh, he done ordered chicken broth for me, suh."

Miss—: "To what church do you belong?"

Mr.—: "Conduct assembly."

Why is a dog with a broken tail envied by all other dogs? Because every dog has his day, but such a dog has a weak end.



STAFF.

Hontas Walke, '19 ..... Editor-in-Chief

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Blanche Temple, '19 ..... Ethel Holloway, '19.

Anita Bell, ... Exchange Editor
Robert Gamble, '20 ..... Alumni Editor
Samuel Reinach, '20 ..... Boys' Athletic Editor
Agnes Moyler, '21 ..... Girls' Athletic Editor
Anne Gilliam, '19 ..... Head Reporter
Edward Sager, '19 ..... Business Manager
Robert Budd, '20 ..... Assistant Business Manager
Lee Sager, '19 ..... Circulating Manager
Walter Baskerville, '19 ..... Assistant Circulating Manager
Emily Roper, '21 ..... Joke Editor
Hettie Ellis, '21 ..... Art Editor

Published six times during the school year, at regular intervals, by the pupils of the Petersburg High School.

Subscription price: 50c. per session; 10c. the single copy.

Address all communications to Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Virginia.

Entered as second-class matter at postoffice, Petersburg, Va.

On Reorganizing the Literary Societies.

Students, you seem to have overlooked a most important feature of your school life this term—the Literary Societies. The results derived from these societies are unquestionably helpful to the pupils, and why these societies haven't been reorganized is difficult to ascertain. Probably, some excuse can can be found in the fact that the term has been so interrupted: the idea of reorganization has not been given a fair chance to present itself;

but let us now awaken to the fact that we need these societies and quickly reorganize them. They are most helpful in various ways. Through the means of these societies the pupils are given a chance to develop and demonstrate their literary abilities. Debates are often held between the students, and, of course, competition is involved, and thereby, the very best results are obtained. Then, too, debates are a means by which self-confidence of the pupils is gained. Social life is also broadened through the medium of these societies; here the students are brought together and given a chance to know each other. Then school spirit is increased. The results abtained in former years proved to be most beneficial; and, pupils, let us quickly reorganize our Literary Societies and make the achievements of this year surpass those of all preceeding years. H. W.

Selling Books in School.

Mr. Miller and Mr. Scott are conducting a small book store in our basement where any book used in the school work may be purchased. This is being done for the School Board. Miss Walke, of the IVB Bookkeeping class is keeping the records of the business with the help of Miss Leftwich.

This may seem a small item in our school life, but, as a matter of fact, it means a great deal. When the school children of the entire city had to obtain their books in one afternoon from one store, everyone knows what a task it was. There was such a crowd that the doors had to be closed and one person admitted as another came out. A great deal of time and energy was lost while people were

waiting for their turn to come, and then some were not able to get their books and had to lose time at school by not having their books at the proper time. A better means of spreading disease could not be had than the collection of such a crowd in one store. As it is, each grade has certain hours or a certain day to purchase its books so that they all have their books ready to start together without any delay. There is no inconvenience attached to this method of buying books, and no time lost in waiting for books to come in as it is provided for, as far as possible, that all books are receivd from the publishers on time. E. H.

The New Auditorium.

The pupils of P. H. S. owe a large vote of thanks to the School Board for their faithful work in having erected our new and beautiful High School. One of the best feature of the building is the well equipped and spacious auditorium. It has a seating capacity of about eleven hundred persons. We at last have a place in which the whole school can be comfortably seated for the morning exercises. Each one can appreciate the value of this auditorium, for most of us remember very well the crowded condition that existed during the morning exercises which were held in the study hall of the old building. The graduating classes will also find it very convenient, as heretofore they have not had any place in which to hold ther exercises.

The auditorium will benefit not only the pupils of the school, but the city as a whole. Several concerts have already been given here and it will continue to serve the people of Petersburg in the future. B. T.

It was with a sigh of relief that the first term of this year ended. Making up the time lost during the "Flu" epidemics was a strain on both teacher and pupils. It meant hard work for both. Now that it is all over, we are all glad that the School Board decided to have two terms. The new term started Monday, February 24th. We hoped that it can be completed without any interruptions.

Mr. Hanford Waterfield is our only new teacher this term. Miss Lee has accepted a place in the State educational work of North Carolina, leaving the history department without a head. Miss Guerrant has heen promoted to this place, and Mr. Waterfield is taking the latter's place. Mr. Waterfield was in charge of the French department of Lynchburg High School after graduating from the University of Virginia. He then went to the Third Officers' Training Camp at Camp Lee, where he received his commission in the Field Artillery. He has just returned from France, where he served with the Eightieth Division.

Another of our teachers has left us, but for a different reason. Miss Olive Steadham, art supervisor of P. H. S., has resigned to become Mrs. James G. Beasley.

The School Board has bought a motion-picture machine from one of the Camp Lee Exchanges. It will be placed in the auditorium and used to show pictures of an educational nature, and also to aid lecturers and other entertainers.

Improvements are being made in our new gymnasium At first there was no place for spectators to watch the athletic feats, but now a large platform has been erected at the south-end. This will encourage pupils to come to the athletic events at our school.

Professor Sanders, of Gettysburg College, visited a few of the class rooms this month.

Our big new auditorium is filling a long felt need in our local life. It has already been the scene of two concerts. On February 17th, the Richmond Philharmonic Orchestra, under the auspices of the Jewish Welfare Board, and on March 4th, the Russian Symphony Orchestra, of New York, under the auspices of the Wednesday Music Club, gave delightful concerts to packed houses.

One day soon the Domestic Science classes of the High School are going to prepare and serve a luncheon to the Petersburg Rotary Club. The tables will be laid in the gymnasium. The new high school orchestra will furnish the music, while a number of the girls of Mrs. Boillin's gym. class will dance.

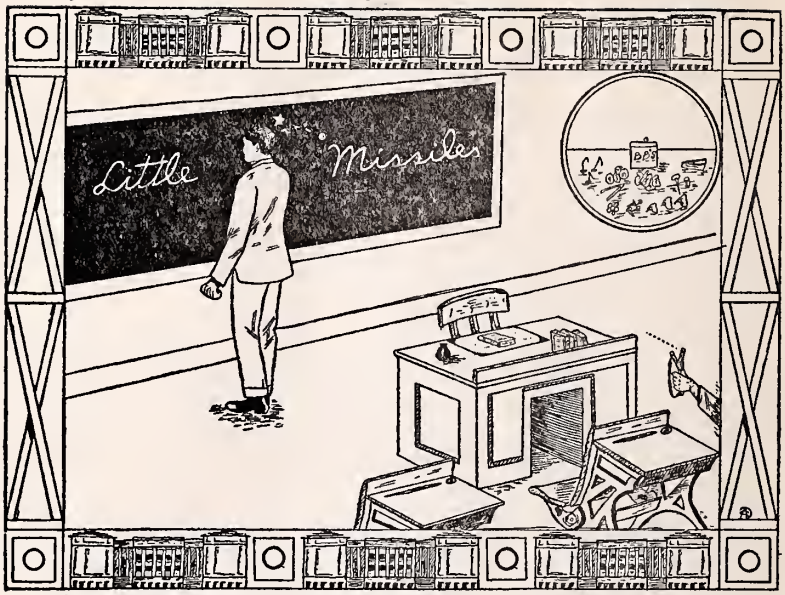
Several people have talked to the High School girls on vocational training. These lectures under the auspi-

ces of the Friendship Club, of the Y. W. C. A. have been very helpful to the students. Among those who spoke were Miss Keller, of Westhampton College, Richmond; Miss Madison, from Smith and Mercer, Petersburg Opticians; Miss Tupper, of William and Mary College, Williamsburg; and Doctor Hibbs, of the Richmond School of Hygiene and Social Work.

On March 5th, Mr. Chadwick held a meeting of the Cadets to impress on them a more thorough knowledge of military discipline. Mr. Clark, of the Chemistry department, a former regular army man with three years' experience, explained how a black mark on any organization, however small, overshadows all the good in the eyes of the public. Mr. Waterfield, of the history department spoke on "Military Discipline and Courtesy." Mr. Martin, Superintendent of Schools, closed the meeting with a talk explaining the complicated situation and disadvantages under which the Cadet Corps has been working.

The boys of the Manual Training Class are doing some practical work; they are making lockers to be used by both the boys and girls in the gymnasium classes. There will be two hundred and fifty make for the boys first, and later the same number for the girls. All the boys of the seventh grade are divided into companies with Charles Mayer, one of the High School students, as superintendent. Of course Mr. Williams, the manual training teacher, is supervising the entire work.

This term instead of the teachers going to the pupils, the pupils go to the teachers. This plan saves a great deal of time. It is much more convenient for the teachers to have their classes in their own room where they have all the necessary equipment.



Roger Jones must be a great hunter, he seems to like the "Fields" so much.

Mr. Miller in IIIA English: "Tell the story of Ruth the Moabitess."

Mitchel Bowman: "Well, Ruth married the daughter of uh! uh! —"

Frances Mann says love is a serious heart trouble. I wonder how she knows it.

Teacher: "Where do we find the history of Greece?"
Edwin Totty: "At the beginning of the chapter."

Teacher: "What is the religion of the Hebrews?"
Will Stuart: "The Koran."

Miss Kibler: "Why did you put that word in the nominative case?"

Eustace Bellinger: "Because I did not have anywhere else to put it."

Miss Hall was explaining Algebra by examples: "If you had pigs, chickens, cows, and sheep, what would you get?"

Dorothy Irvine: "Noah's ark."

Miss Lee, in IIB History: "Who was at the head of the Adams family?"

Meyer Meltsner: "Abraham."

Mr. Vivas thinks "sweetheart" the prettiest word in the English language.

Netta Purdy seems to be preparing for a career as a ship expert She is specializing on "Keels" now.

Mr. Miller: "What kind of a feeling do you have when there is a beautiful night with the moon shining on the river?" We wonder!!

Lelia Drewry, translating IIIB Spanish: "Go, James, my beloved, I hope you will return double quick time march!"

Mary Nichols: "Did Shakespeare write to an insect?"

Alyce Bishop, in French class: "Let us try to love each other."

Mr. Freas: "That is simple."

Mr. Vivas: "What is the universal law of locomotion?"

Mary Nichols: "Follow your nose and you'll get there."

Mr. Vivas: "Senorita Homer, does the student write many exercises with pencil?"

Mary Homer: "Si Senorita Vivas." (Yes, "Miss" Vivas.)

Miss Lee: "What did England do for Egypt?"

Muriel Blumberg: "Irrigated the Nile River."

Mr. Freas: "The French government sent boat loads

of girls across to Canada to be *husbands* to the French soldiers.

Mr. Freas, correcting Brander Wyatt's translation in IVA French; "Now she didn't thought."

Mr. Stuart to Sadie Zimmerman, in IVA Latin: "Meet me in the moonlight."

Mr. Freas sent Keene Clements to the board to translate an English sentence into French. This is the result: "Where had become the old carriage which had fallen asleep so often."

Thomas Dunn, translating IVA Latin: "They overtop their tall necks."

Mr. Stuart: "What is a barbarian ?"
Thomas Dunn: "A man that has a beard."

Mr. Freas, translating French: "Where Bonaparte used to go to child as a school."

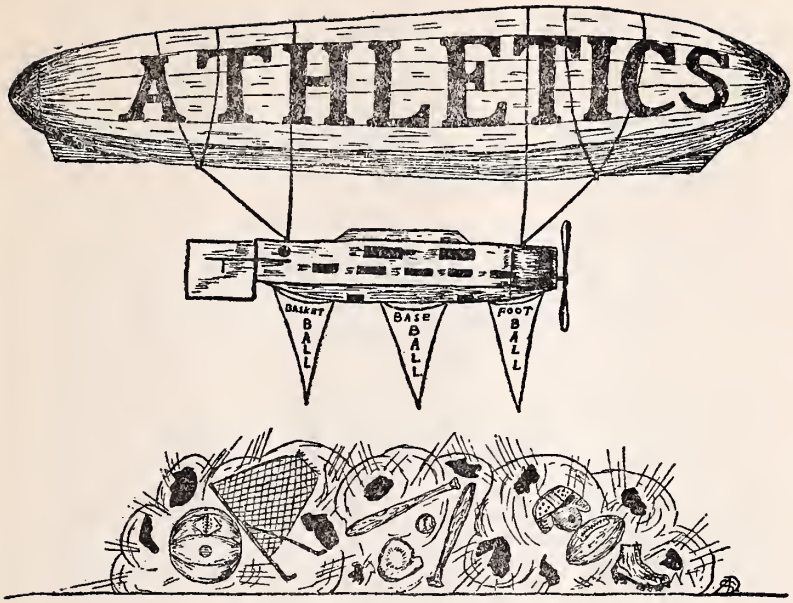
Mary Field, taanslating IVA Latin; "I stand with my ears erect." How do you get that way, Mary?

Heard in IIB History class: "Who was Charles I's father?"
Voice in the front: "Charles II."

Miss Lee: "What happened in 1649?"
Arthur Crawford: "Charles's first execution."

Agnes Moyler could write a Latin grammar herself.
In IIB Latin: "Quod always takes the subjunctive when circumstantial evidence is implied."

Marian Gellman, reciting IIB History: "Charles could not find them, because they had flown."



Girls' Athletics

The Girl's Basket-ball Team has been doing splendid work at the practices held in the gymnasium Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. So many more girls have come out this year than last that two class teams have been formed—the Evens, first and third year girls, and the Odds, the second and fourth. The practices have been full of enthusiasm and the school team has every promise of being a most successful one. Manager Young has written for games with quite a number of outside teams and a very interesting one is being planned between the Faculty and the girls.

The first game between the Evens and Odds was played in the gym. on March 4, and was a fast and snappy one from start to finish, both teams displaying very good team work. The final score was 16 to 2, in favor of the Odds. An attractive feature was the good natured

rivalry between the two sides and the interest they took in the yells and colors. The colors of the Evens were gold and black, and those of the Odds red and black. The line up was as follows:

ODDS.

Forwards—Russell Young, Lelia Drewry.
Guards—Katharine Smith, Netta Purdy.
Centers—Louise Parsons, Darothy Rahily.

EVENS.

Forwards—Noldi Weber, Agnes Moyler.
Guards—Dolly Seward, Annie Townsend.
Centers—Virginia Lassiter, Jean Jones.

Sub. Parsons for Young; Halliday for Parsons; Adkins for Moyler; Moyler for Jones.

The rapid progress of the team is due entirely to the splendid coaching of Miss Boillin, the Athletic Instructress, but we are quite sure the team would be even better if it had more support from the pupils of the High School and the Petersburg people.

Boys' Athletics

At last has come the time to which every High School boys has been looking forward for so long a time that it seemed that the desire was never coming true. The new gym. has opened up, having complete equipment, and standing out as one of the most beautiful in the State. Gym. classes are held on certain days of the week, and either during study periods or after school, Mr. Chadwick is rounding the boys into finer physical shape. But basket-ball is the foremost sport in this season, and so thoroughly did it impress our boys, that thirty of them turned out to try to give P. H. S. a winning five this year. A team also was formed from the faculty in order to give

the boys practice. After days of strenuous work a first team and subs were picked, and each day they were rounded more into shape for the opening game under the coachings of Professors Chadwick and Clark.

On Saturday, February 22, at 4 P. M., the High School team opened up its season in a game with the Chamberlayne School of Richmond, on the floor of our new gymnasium, the visitors winning by a score of 38 to 23. When the opening whistle blew, Chamberlayne played the ball over the top of our men's heads, and it took our fellows some time to regain their feet. At the end of the first-half the score stood 21 to 0 in the visitors' favor, but that was enough to arouse the old P. H. S. spirit. In the second-half our boys came back dogged and determined, and more than once passed the pill all around their tall and heavy opponents. When Chamberlayne started losing her nearly sure grip on the game, they experimented in some rough playing, and within five minutes of the final whistle, had four men put out of the game owing to their personal fouls. In the second half, our men had caught on to their opponents' method of playing, and when the final whistle blew, had brought their score up to 23, the visitors having made 38. Taking into considering that it was our team's first game and considering the weight and height of their opponents, the team from old P. H. S. gave the Chamberlayne quit a run for their money.

The line up was as follows:

P. H. S.	CHAMBERLAYNE.
L. Sager, c.	Greanis, c.
Reinach, r. f.	Newman, r. f.
Budd, l. f.	Tyler, l. f.
Talbott, r. g.	Tennant, r. g.
Wood, l. g.	Boudine, l. g.

Substitutes: P. H. S; Cain.
Chamberlayne; Poole, Harris.

On February 26, the High School five met the quint from the Binford Junior High School of Richmond in a very snappy and interesting game in which the boys from the capital won over the High School five by a close score of 33 to 27. The two teams were very well matched in height, weight, and skill as shown by the score at the end of the first half which stood 15 to 14 in the visitors' favor. The score remained at a tie for some time, each team doing some excellent playing in trying to break the score in their favor. During the latter part of the game Binford Junior took the lead with great difficulty, and by means of hard playing and good passing succeeded in holding it until the final whistle blew, winning over the home team by the close score of 33 to 27.

The line up was as follows:

P. H. S.	BINFORD JUNIOR.
S. Sager, c.	Holladay, c.
Reinach, r. f.	Sutton, r. f.
Talbott, l. f.	Hawkins, l. f.
Cain, r. g.	Hughs, r. g.
E. Sager, l. g.	Crouch, l. g.

Substitutes: P. H. S.; Jones, Pillow, Wood.
Binford Junior; Burmat, Mailmen.

On March the first our boys journeyed to Richmond to give Chamberlayne School a return game on their own court, in which the latter headed the list by a score of 47 to 19. The game was hard fought in the first half, but in the second Chamberlayne rolled up many baskets on our boys. When the final whistle blew, the score stood 47 to 19 in Chamberlayne's favor.

ALUMNI

Violet Rainey, of the class of '17, will finish at the Harrisonburg Normal this summer. She has taught at Suffolk, Emporia, and Dinwiddie.

Annie Scott, '18, is teaching the first grade in Matoaca this year.

Wallace Ridout has been discharged from the Navy. He was stationed on the Battleship Florida, and witnessed the surrender of the German fleet.

Edward Traylor is still in France. Miss Sally Robertson has received a card from him lately, and he says he is well and having a fine time "Overseas."

The Petersburg boys at the University of Virginia have organized a "Petersburg Club;" there are about seventeen member in all.

Lucy Scott, '17, is teaching in Richmond.

James E. Lawler-Meakin, is working at Seven Pines, near Richmond. He has a position in the office.

Olive Eanes, graduate of P. H. S.. recently married Edward Collier, Jr.

George Goodwyn, '15, has recently been discharged from the service, and is now resuming his business duties. He graduated from the Officers' Training School, of Camp Grant with the rank of Second Lieutenant.

The Taj, Harrisonburg, Va.: The article called "Two Kinds of George Washingtons" is worthy of comment, you need more stories and editorials, however.

The Quill, Henderson, Ky.: Your exchange department is cleverly written.

The Record, Richmond, Va.: You have a well balanced magazine and your literary department is exceptionally good.

The Oracle, Cincinnati, Ohio: The "Poet's Corner" is interesting. The poem "Happiness" is *very* good.

CRITICISMS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

If all missiles were as pleasant to receive as "THE MISSILE" from Petersburg, Va., they would always be welcome. We are very glad to add your name to our Exchange list, and we thank you for giving us the opportunity to do so. Call again! *The Quill*, Henderson, Ky.

THE MISSILE, Petersburg, Va.: The editorials in this Magazine are well written, but your literary department could easily

be improved upon. Most of your jokes are good.—*The Record*, Richmond, Va.

THE MISSILE: An interesting magazine with some good stories. —*The Taj*, Harrisonburg, Va.

In the MISSILE the jokes are rather poor, but its stories are interesting, its art editor is on the job, and its departments are well balanced and arranged. *The Monthly Chronicle*, Alexandria, Va.

EXCHANGES RECEIVED.

The Focus, S. N. S., Farmville, Va.
The Virginia Guide, Staunton, Va.
The Yellow Jacket Record, Ashland, Va.
The Flat Hat, Williamsburg, Va.
The Mirror, P. H. S., Pratt, Kansas.
The Signal, Sistersville, W. Va.
The Oracle, Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Record, Richmond, Va.
The Monthly Chronicle, E. H. S., Alexandria, Va.
The Quill, Henderson, Ky.
The Taj, Harrisonburg, Va.
The High School "Q", Quincy, Ill.
Wastward Ho, W. H. S., Baltimore, Md.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

First Father: "In what course does your son expect to be graduated?"

Second Father: "From the looks of things in the course of time."

Fixing the Blame—"Can you keep a secret, Peggy?" "I can; but it is just my luck to tell it to girls who can't."

"If you don't like these jokes,
And their dryness make you groan;
Just stall around occasionally
With some good ones of your own."

ONE DOLLAR

STARTS THE ACCOUNT
THAT
STARTS YOU IN BUSINESS
DEPOSIT YOUR DOLLARS

WITH

AMERICAN BANK and TRUST CO.

Wm. B. McIlwaine, *President.* W. J. Rahily, *Vice-President.*
R. E. Lunsford, *Vice-President.* Wallace D. Blanks, *Cashier.*
Insurance Department, S. B. Hoag, *Manager.*

B. F. KEITH'S

5 **CENTURY THEATRE** 5

ACTS

HIGH-CLASS VAUDEVILLE

3 PERFORMANCES DAILY· 3

Matinee 3:30. First Night Show 7:00. Second Night Show 8:30 o'clock.

Let us make it Hot for you during the Winter Months.

PHONE 672 **YOUNG COAL CO.**

Office 25 Perry Street.

H. M. YOUNG, Gen. Manager.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

"MOTHERS"

LOOK AFTER THE

KIDDIES COMFORT

and purchase a **Kiddie Koop**

FROM THE "OLD RELIABLE"

PETERSBURG FURNITURE CO.

CASH or CREDIT.

100 N. Sycamore St. A. J. WINFIELD, Mg'r.

Phone 273

The Russell Drug Co.

(Incorporated.)

142 Sycamore Street, PETERSBURG, VA.

TO THE High School Boys

This Good Firm was awarded the contract for your Uniforms. We hope to be favored with your patronage for your civilian needs. Let us FIT you UP and show you how much better we can serve you than others. EERYTHING A BOY WEARS.

EIGENBRUN BROS.

PETERSBURG'S BEST CLOTHES SHOP.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

For

HARDWARE, ENAMELWARE, WOODENWARE, CUTLERY, PAINTS, ROOFING, STOVES, PUMPS and goods usually carried in a first-class Hardware Store.

Try

Petersburg Hardware Company.

Phone 61. 15 N. Sycamore Street.

C. E. RIDENOUR,

445 S. Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.

Drugs, Medicines, Prescriptions

TOILET AND RUBBER GOODS.

We GUARANTEE Personal Attention to Prescriptions.
Only Purest Drugs Used. Lowest Prices. Quality considered.

IF IT'S KIN TO

HARDWARE

IT'S RELATED TO US

Joyner Hardware Co.

(Incorporated.)

The Corner Store.

THE NATIONAL BANK of PETERSBURG

Petersburg, Virginia

Organized 1886. The Oldest National Bank in Southside Virginia.

CAPITAL $600,000.00
SURPLUS AND PROFITS $350,000.00

B. B. JONES, President. E. H. BEASLEY, Cashier.
W. S. VENABLE, and C. E. PLUMMER, Vice-Presidents. S. I. BRAGG, Asst. Cashier.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

THE VIRGINIA

NATIONAL BANK

Solicits Your Savings Account

$1.00 Will Start an Account

WE ALLOW 4%

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, - - $675,000.00

NICE WORK FOR NICE PEOPLE.

Petersburg Laundry,

J. S. WALTHALL,

"THE QUALITY SHOP"

123 N. Sycamore Street —— Call Phone 236

EVERYTHING IN FURNITURE

HARLOW-WILLCOX & CO.

PETERSBURG, VA.

RUCKER DRY GOODS CO.

THE STORE WHERE QUALITY REIGNS SUPREME

SOLICITS A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

GOOD LINES OF

Drugs, Candies, Cigars, Sundries,

MORRISON, — THE — DRUG MAN

Corner Sycamore and Bank Streets.

PHONE 256. PETERSBURG, VA.

For Quality and Service

MODEL LAUNDRY

Corner Sycamore and Washington Streets

WILLIAMSON BROS., Proprietors.

Phone 241.

John Wood, Confectioner

SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

ICE CREAM in CONES and BOXES ALL the YEAR.

122 SOUTH AVENUE.

MADE FRESH EVERY HOUR.

Farinholt CANDIES

Under Hotel Dixie, Washington Street,

PETERSBURG, VA.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

ROBERT E. BRUNET & CO.

All Kinds of Stove and Range Repairs,

Tinnings, Plumbing, Hot Water and Steam Heating

And Galvanized Conductor Work.

Phone 52. *22 SYCAMORE STREET*

PETERSBURG, VA.

In Order

To find out if our ad is read, we will give you 10 PER CENT OFF the regular price by presenting this coupon.

THE GLOBE DEPT. STORE

The Home of HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES.

THE ELI KULL CO.

No. 19 OLD STREET,

Established 50 Years Petersburg, Va.

Boys and Girls save everything

Paper, Rags, Metals, Rubber

And start a Bank Account in this way

Jas, Y. Branch V. R. Beachy

JAS. Y. BRANCH, INC.

SPORTING GOODS

Guns, Bicycles, Edison Phonographs, Toys and Camera Supplies

Rosenstock Bldg. *Sycamore Street*

IF MEN OR BOYS WEAR IT,
WE WILL HAVE IT.

WALTER E. EANES & CO.

148 N. Sycamore Street,
PETERSBURG, VA.

A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE.

E. E. JOHNSON,

Home Made Candies,

ABSOLUTELY PURE. TRY THEM

Phone 1236 819 W. Washington Street

C. D. REESE COMPANY, Inc.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

College, School and Class **Pins and Rings** Athletic Medals and Trophies

Cups, Souvenirs for Banquets, Society Emblems, Etc.

57 WARREN STREET,

New York

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

Petersburg Savings and Trust Company

Capital, - - - $1,000,000.00

Surplus and Profits are - $ 150,000.00

Deposits are - - $4,000,000.00

STANTON PILCHER

The Progressive Jeweler

Swiss Military Watches Worth $13.50 to $18.00

Now $10.00—Lever Movements

ALL MILITARY JEWELRY HALF PRICE

210 N. Sycamore Street

O. C. POWELL

GOODYEAR WELT SHOE REPAIR CO.

13½ N. Sycamore Street

PETERSBURG, - VIRGINIA.

"Savings Must Become THE Habit of America."

Your education is not complete until you learn that THRIFT means sure success.

Start a Savings Account to-day and keep it growing

"WHERE SAVINGS ARE SAFEST."

The Banking Trust and Mortgage Co.

R. H. O'KENNON'S
DEPARTMENT STORES

119 Sycamore Street, Phone 366, Petersburg, Va.

MILLINERY.

Ladies' and Misses' Suits a Specialty. Dry Goods, Notions, Trunks, Satchels and Umbrellas. 2nd Floor.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

ALWAYS—A—GOOD—SHOW

VIRGINIAN

Where—The—Crowds—Go

COLUMBIA THEATER

The Newest largest and safest in the City.

Showing all that is

BEST IN PICTURES.

Sycamore near Washington Street

Continuous 1 to 11 P. M.

Our Thrift Hardware

Bestows a two-fold blessing—It blesses him who buys and US who sell.

It blesses you with its durability and utmost satisfaction in quality. It blesses us in the pleasure it brings through knowing that you are pleased.

The Government also receives its share. Long, generous wear and close prices preclude waste, and enable you to save the Saving for the Fourth Liberty Bonds.

Our hardware spells THRIFT from beginning to end.

W. H. HARRISON & CO., Inc.

"SO EASY TO FIND"

PETERSBURG, - - VIRGINIA

R. L. WATSON & CO.

Phone 264 211 Sycamore Street

Real Estate, Insurance and Rental Agents

AUCTIONEERS

Let us know your wants We want your business

R. L. Watson, R. R. Percival, Geo. W. Watson

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

"ECONOMY,"

THE WATCH WORD OF THE NATION

During the present crisis economy in fuel as well as food must be practised.

Economize in your cooking, heating and lighting by using modern gas appliances and lights.

GAS for Cooking, - - Heating and Lighting

CLEAN, SANITARY AND ODORLESS.

The service that is always ready at a touch of a match.

Phone 434

Petersburg Gas Co.

23-25 So. Sycamore Street

D. W. BRANCH,

SPAULDING SPORTING GOODS

VICTROLAS AND VICTOR RECORDS

33 S. Sycamore Street

THE OLD RELIABLE

PRINTER,

FRANK A. OWEN,

1119 Sheppard Street.

HE DOES WHAT HE PROMISES

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."

Have your HOME in beautiful

WALNUT HILL

THE IDEAL HOME SECTION

Splendid lots for sale at reasonable prices, upon terms of 2 per cent. cash and 2 per cent. per month.

PHONE OR SEE US TO DAY

Atlantic Coast Realty Co.

National Bank Building,

PETERSBURG, VA.

PHONE 2137.

GET IT AT LEONARDS.

We have the most complete line of

SPORTING GOODS

in this City.

BASE BALLS, FOOT BALLS, BASKET BALLS,
MEDICINE BALLS, TENNIS BALLS.

Chas. Leonard Hardware Company

20-24 BANK STREET,

PHONE 183.

Roller Skates, Ice Skates, Kodaks,
Pocket Knives, Guns and Rifles.

When making purchases, mention "The Missile."